

*Fifteen Cent*

# MACLEAN'S

"Canada's National Magazine"

## The Pawns Count

A Story of Secret Service  
and the War

By

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Starts in this issue



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## OCTOBER

Over 52,000 Copies of this issue printed



# What is the matter with my skin?

Examine your skin closely! Find out just the condition it is in—then read below why you can change it and how.



How is your complexion can be improved, no matter what is keeping it from being attractive now. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day. An old skin dies, and skin lives in its place.

This is your opportunity. By the proper external treatment you can make your skin just what you would love to have it be—by neglecting to give this skin proper care as it does every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and defeat the claim of "a skin you love to touch." Will you do it? Will you begin at once to bring in your skin that shows you have longer life? Then begin tonight the treatment here last noted to the use of your skin and make it a daily habit thereafter.

## To cleanse an oily skin and chafe nose

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a lather with warm water of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a regular habit, and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, chafed skin.

## To clear a blotched skin

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them in the color of Woodbury's until they are covered with a lather. Cover each blotch with a thick mass of lather, let it dry and remove it

over night. In the morning wash in your usual way with Woodbury's. Repeat this cleansing treatment every night until the blotches disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter as your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and secure that it will keep your complexion free from blotches.

## To whiten freckled, sun-burned skin

Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them in the color of Woodbury's until they are covered with a lather. Cover each blotch with a thick mass of lather, let it dry and remove it

over night. In the morning wash in your usual way with Woodbury's. Repeat this cleansing treatment every night until the blotches disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter as your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A thin skin is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these skin treatments. Get a box today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

## Send to-day for week's skin cake

For to we will send you a week's skin cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For the sample of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day.

The Andrew Rogers Co., Ltd., New York, N.Y., Perth, Ont.



# MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Volume XXIX

OCTOBER, 1916

Number 12

## Ribbing Up The Liberal Party

A Story of Inside Developments in Canadian National Politics

By H. F. Gadsby

Who wrote "The Duff Book" and other sketches.

Illustrated by Lou Skane

KEATON'S STORY.—Mr. Gadsby is doing a new series of articles for readers of *Maclean's*. The first of this series, "The Duff Book," appeared in the September issue. Hereafter he tells the story of "inside" developments in the Liberal party. Next month he will do the same with the Conservative party. The new series, in fact, will cover the political situation in Canada from the inside. Mr. Gadsby's knowledge of the political field is such that he can be depended upon to give a comprehensive view of the situation.

THE trouble with the sound old Liberal Party is that they have broken out in a rash all over the body politic. The more police the body the rather the ideas—their the pass-ports are facing with socialism. The Liberal party would not feel it so badly if the ideas came one at a time but they have come in a rash like the measles and everybody knows how dangerous measles are to a healthy adult if they catch it.

The Liberals ought to have how handle ideas because in a normally balanced world ideas are supposed to be their sphere while politicians is that of the Conservatives. This is not such a wide difference as it appears because politicians are merely ideas that have become flesh, ideas that have stood the test of time, ideas that represent the survival of the fittest—so short, all ideas which have embodied themselves in the social scheme. Every idea passes through three stages. First it is an ideal, the distant star of a few utopian dreamers. Next it is an idea made famous and in this manner. Last of all it is a sustained law, rule and custom for those who risk for new things and as it becomes the property of the Conservatives whose general attitude toward

business affairs is that the old friends are the best friends. This is how this rash is a general case.

PERHAPS I had better not state my hypothesis. The difference between Liberals and Conservatives the earth over is the difference between one idea and all ones, between offensive ideas and accepted ones, between untried theories and established traditions. Broadly speaking this difference results in the two parties this way—the big minds are on the Liberal side, the big hearts are on the other side. The big minds are said to be the intellectual class, the big hearts are warm like the universal machine. This explains why many a Liberal experiences a change of life at study and turns Conservative to take the shift off his old age. It is a commonplace of history that Liberal statesmen have come trouble removing Liberalism and saving faith and the shadows close in. I need not mention Liberal statesmen who were as staunch Conservatives as



Physicians have a habit of rising up when you step on the least end of a plank.

their old age, though not labelled as, as certain other Conservative statesmen were staunch Liberals in their youth, though not making that profession. Their names will occur to everyone. Then there is the Wigg, who is a Liberal all of his life, and a Tory in his old age, with us always to add to the confusion.

Moreover, old Liberals whose opinions have become set to a degree which only dynamite can shake suspect young Liberals of wanting to deprive them of their popularity at a time of life when their minds are too torpid to be comfortable or too tired to be complete new ones. How would you like, gentle reader, being, let us say, an old Liberal of sixty-five or thereabouts, with poor mind







# THE MAN FROM ATHABASKA

By ROBERT W. SERVICE



Illustrated  
by C. W. Jefferys

Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas nothing but the thrumming  
Of a woodpecker a-rapping on the hollow of a tree;  
And she thought that I was fooling when I said it was the drumming  
Of the mighty hosts a-muster, and 'twas calling unto me;  
'Twas calling me to pull my freight and hop across the sea.

And a-mending of my fish-nets sure I started up in wonder,  
For I heard a savage roaring, and 'twas coming from afar.  
Oh, the wife she tried to tell me that 'twas only summer thunder,  
And she laughed a bit sarcastic when I told her it was War;  
'Twas the chariots of battle where the giant armies are.

Then down the lake came Half-breed Tom with russet sail a-flying,  
And the word he said was "War" again: so what was I to do?  
Oh, the dogs they took to howling, and the missis took to crying,  
As I flung my silver foxes in the little birch canoe;  
Yes, the old girl stood a-bubbling till an island hid the view.

Says the factor: "Mike, you're crazy! They have soldier men a-plenty.  
You're as gruzzled as a badger, and you've sixty year or so."  
"But I haven't missed a scrap," says I, "Since I was one and twenty;  
And shall I miss the biggest? You can bet your whiskers—no!"  
So I sold my furs and started . . . and that's eighteen months ago.

For I joined the Foreign Legion, and they put me for a starter  
In the trenches down by Arras with the Boshe a step away;  
And the partner on my right hand was an apoke from Montmartre;  
On my left there was a millionaire from Pittsburgh, U.S.A.  
(Poor beggar! They collected him in bits the other day.)

But I'm sprier than a chipmunk, save a touch of the lumbago,  
And they call me "Old Methosallah" and *Mogus* me all the day.  
I'm their exhibition sniper, and they work me like a Dago,  
And they laugh to see me plug a Boshe a half-a-mile away;  
Oh, I hold the highest record in the regiment, they say.



And at night they gather round me and I tell them of my roaming  
In the Country of the Crepuscule beside the Frozen Sea;  
Where the musk ox runs unchallenged and the cariboo go homing.  
And they sit like little children, all as quiet as can be:  
Men of every clime and color, how they listen unto me!

And I tell them of the Fur Land, of the tump-see and the paddle;  
Of secret rivers loitering that no one will explore;  
And I tell them of the ranges, of the pack-strap and the saddle,  
And they fill their pipes in silence, and their eyes beseech for more;  
While above the star-shells fizzle, and the high explosives roar.

And I tell of lakes fish-baunted, where the big bull moose are calling;  
Of forests still as sepulchres, with never trail or track;  
Of valleys packed with purple gloom, and mountain peaks appalling;  
And I tell them of my cabin on the shore at Fond du Lac;  
And I find myself a-thinking: God! I wish that I was back.

So I brag of bear and beaver while the batteries are roaring,  
And the fellows on the firing steps are blazing at the foe;  
And I yam of fur and feather when the *warums* are a-soaring;  
And they listen to my stories, seven *peles* in a row—  
Seven lean and lousy *peles* with their cigarettes aglow.

And I tell them, when it's over how I'll hike for Athabaska;  
(And these seven greasy *peles* they are crazy to go too.)  
And I'll give the wife the helmet that I promised, and I'll ask her  
The price of mink and marten, and the run of cariboo;  
And I'll get my traps in order, and I'll start to work anew.

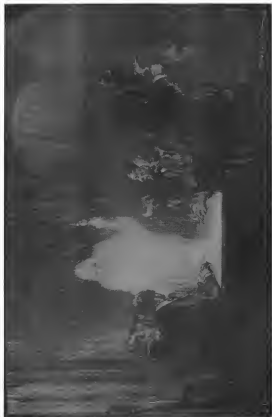
For I've had my fill of fighting, and I've seen a nation scattered,  
And an army swung to slaughter, and a river red with gore;  
And a city all a-smoulder, and . . . As if it really mattered,  
For the lake is yonder dreaming, and my cabin's on the shore;  
And the dogs are leaping madly, and the wife is singing gladly,  
And I'll rest in Athabaska; and I'll leave it nevermore.











## Behind The Bolted Door?

By Arthur E. McFarlane

Illustrated by  
Henry Raleigh

[illegible]

## CHAPTER XIX

DOWN FROM AN ELEVATOR, AND THE COST-  
TENTS OF A WASTEPAPER BASKET

"WELL, Doctor," asked Willings, "what now?"  
A question already asked and answered many times that week. Yet now no answer seemed humanly possible.

But Lancham did answer. Even then he still lifted his face, two-square and expensively, to all the powers of darkness.

"We keep on as before," he said. "If we have to do with the devil-world, the more-the-better, even more than most people."

...in the meantime all we really know is that between one and three this morning (Hastings was in his office in the Savoy Building—)

"I know, I know. But there is nothing  
unpleasant in his being there at such

impossible) is not wrong; where it does an hour. And if at the same time we are to believe that some secondary "blood-pool" devascularization of him, was here in the Case Grande killing Bailey, that must be told me from the lips of the man himself! Tell them there is enough for us to work upon in other ways."

And next morning brought them, among other things, the first contents of Glasbury's office waste basket.

**W**HAT did the Doctor hope to find amid such mere debris of the man's every-day working life? Apparently nothing, with any certainty. It was only one

mean among a dozen. But it was at least a possibility. And the fact that after being away from his office for days Gladney should return to it at such a hour, to hear up anything whatever, seemed at least to promise something

The Central Bureau "pigeon" who notified the basket might well have been the uncombed and dirty son of one of the Savoy scrubwomen. But he knew all he needed to know.

"Your boy's come back in this mornin' too," he told Lanthorn. "So this bein' a Saturday, yes, an' only half a day, maybe I'd be switchin' yones some more this afternoon."

What he had "switched" this first time he had carried to Seventy-second street in a battered, dog-eared old suit-case. And when they had opened it, they seemed to

Have proof enough in the suitcase alone that Glasbury must have spent the entire two hours that ought to be in his office and not

where else. For that old salt-sass we  
half filled; and every sheet of paper and

envelope had been torn and, reports W. L. Scarsely, a piece was to be found large than a postage stamp.

"I must leave you two to work on it alone," said the Doctor. "You know who we have to look for, in the first place."

and again he brought out the crumpled note,—“We must make absolutely certain

word for word and letter for letter, of the identity of the writing. In the second place, here you have Mrs. Fisher's writing, too. You must look at every scrap of anything that even remotely resembles it.

And after that, somewhere, by chance or luck, there may be something else."

LANHAM'S bag flat-topped desk stood behind them. Stillness alone.

ed it off, and spread out handful after handful of these tiny fragments, so that these might be as much as possible under their eyes at once.

"No," she answered, "it isn't. Because I know that the more we learn, the more we'll adore Mr. Gladstone's sermon."

But it became evident almost immediately that at least half of that torn paper had once been merely the manuscript, as the successive manuscripts, of a play!

It established the identity of Gushy's writing. He had penned the murder note—there could no longer be any doubt of that. But a pity? Why should any man,

however, insisted go to his office at once in the morning to destroy a play? Certainly there was little hope of getting an answer from any internal evidence in the play itself. He would have to have something to say.

As far as they could, they put their bit of communist snuff and bones in

sort out everything that looked like the remains of correspondence.

THERE was little difficulty in getting the pieces of individual letters together. There were many of them, for they represented the accumulated mail of several days. But it was only a matter

But in no case did any of those letters tell them anything. Not one that could by any stretch of imagination be taken

for the writing of Mrs. Foster. Most of them were business letters. The only puzzle was why they should have been destroyed at all.

of the play, there were only two examples of Gluck's own writing. Both were the beginnings of letters. And because his abstinence, a heavy-handed hand, was

One of these beginnings reads: —

Dear Mary, I should first mention to you  
all over. But, without going into it now, over  
your father's ...

Saturday was the day of the murder.  
The others—

**Guests:** I very greatly regret that owing to circumstances not under my control, I have

And it, too, had ended there.

In both there was a something about the writing—a rigid looser, a sort of

quivering policeman—that seemed of itself to show that the hand could go no further.

"It's as if his will power had suddenly been swapped," said Wilkings.







gives meering herself. Had she been very lonely? Was she taking good care of herself—going out to good food-bearing people to cheer her up?

In June he entered the trenches, and suddenly the tone of his letters changed. It was as though the strange, intimate contact of life—of struggle for public acclaim, his maturity, compelling him to think and analyze, to work toward his own conclusion.

"I have been wondering what brought a lot of these letters home," he wrote once. "Fascination, mostly, and a love of adventure, I guess. One fellow said he came home out of his 'deep' inspired for public opinion." Imagine running a boycott through a fat, unskilful German because of your deep respect for public opinion!

His letters came more frequently now, every day. The strange life-in-death of the trenches, when it left him time to think, bewildered and appalled him—how his half-developed faith in the things he had been taught to believe. So he was coming, as he had always come, to the one person in the world he was sure would understand. None in all his life, perhaps, had he been so close to her in spirit as he was now, in the far away trenches of Flanders.

EARLY one afternoon she came home to find a slip of yellow paper lying on the floor of her little entrance hall. It was a notification that a telegram had arrived in her absence, and was waiting for her at the office, a dispatch in a dozen blocks away. She picked it up with shaking fingers; and, after she had read it, she stood there still for a moment, trembling herself together, fighting down the frantic fear in her breast. Then she set out quietly for the telegraph office, with the yellow slip still in her hand.

The street car was filled with people and one or two looked curiously at the sight of her white, strained face. But she scarcely saw them. She sat very still, holding the little slip of yellow paper, her mind back with the terror she could no longer control.

The car dragged from block to block, stopping at every crossing to take on straggling groups of passengers. And finally it halted abruptly. To-day there was a grand military parade, and the streets were blocked with people. From the rear window she could see a moving line

of white caps above the heads of the crowd.

There was no possibility of getting through. For the parade crowded the city like a great serpent, shaking the currents of traffic in every direction. She sat rigidly still, watching company after company march by, and it seemed to her that in all her life she had never suffered as she suffered in those interminable moments of waiting.

The train line started at last, and the swarmed-up traffic streamed through. And after a long time she found herself standing before the dispatch counter. She remembered trying to make out the mysterious labels on a row of green glass bottles that stood on the shelf in front of her, while the clerk, in a little room back of the counter, rearranged the tea caddies, and waited wearily to himself.

It was nothing, after all—a message from a cousin friend, announcing her arrival in the city on the following day. But when the clerk came round the counter a moment later he found her lying in a huddled, unconscious heap on the floor.

THE experience left an impression of terror on her mind that she could not shake off. Before then, she had had, back of her loneliness and fear, a certain and reassuring sense of security. Whence she knew had lost their husbands and sons, and her feeling of pity towards them had been somehow detached and impersonal. Their tragedy had had no real significance for her, because, deep in her heart, she had believed her own son would be saved.

But that nightmare journey to the telegraph office brought the real terror of war sharply and terribly before her comprehension. All her false sense of security vanished. The casualty lists, threatening daily, filled her now with an indomitable sense of terror.

The thought of John was with her constantly. These were days when he seemed very close to her; when she had a certain feeling that if she turned suddenly she would see him standing there, his hands in his pockets, his cap on one side of his close-cropped head. She wondered if, in the loneliness of the still empty world, her mind were beginning to act strangely, to play tricks with her reason.

One hot, breathless night in July she found herself suddenly awake—a sur-

prise waking, in which her house seemed to spring suddenly from sleep to full consciousness. And then that old appalling scene of disaster had fastened itself upon her again; that, and something more—a consciousness of warning, mysterious, insistent, coming to her out of the darkness.

And out of the darkness her face came clearly before her. She knew that this time it was not her fancy—that the thing that had happened to her nearly eighteen years before was happening to her again to-night. And with the knowledge came some terror lest she should find her son as she felt that she had failed his father.

She gave a little cry, struggling not to be badly in the darkness. And something struggled within her—struggled and freed itself at last. Her lips did not move, but very far away she knew that she was calling to him—calling again and again in an agony of warning.

And then that mysterious Canadian stepped, and she found herself alone, with the dawn growing gray in the familiar room, and a little wind from the garden blowing softly across her face.

ALL that remains of the story is to be found in the text of a British official report, and in a letter that John wrote to his mother, early in July, from the trenches in Flanders. The official report was like thousands of others that came to us from overseas—these terse messages that contain so much and convey so little.

"Following the enemy exploded a mine under a portion of the front line trench in the neighborhood of Dorn. Our men occupied the crater."

The letter was very long—I am quoting only part of it.

"It is something I can't explain. I went down the trench and along one of the communication trenches without knowing where I was going or why."

"The trench I had been in was blown to pieces—you may have read something about it in one of the official reports. Afterwards we dug for what seemed to be hours, trying to get some of the men out. But when we did it was too late, poor beggars!"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have told you about it, but I felt somehow that you would understand. It will certainly not touch nerves after all . . . only it seemed to me as though someone had called to me from very far away."



Illustrated  
by Arthur Langer

His wheat is golden for the harvest blade,  
And its ranks nod golden rows below;  
And by the fringe his little maid  
Tries to weed out, she is too young to know.

He left his tender crumpled on the dead,  
He left her on his bed, weeping at the gate,  
His harvest patch a richer and  
And shouts for reapers, other fields can wait.

When in the Spring comes the fragrant meadow  
His orchard-shrub wrought a richer zone,  
He did not dream how much a year can hold  
Nor wait a field should ripen with his own.

His rose was all for single, selfish things,—  
His home, his wife, his harvest, and his child;  
No thought had he for company and kin,  
Or reeking power and reverence diffused.

Then in an hour his soul was torn again;  
He saw himself the nation's instrument;  
She took a price that smothered half the poem  
As though her tears she nodded her consent.

His wheat is red for harvest, but his blade  
Is red with richer harvest at his feet,  
And in his eyes, close, cold, and modish  
He sees a nation playing in the wheat.



## Some Features in the November Issue

There will be many new features in the November issue—strong articles on Canadian national topics, and bright stories by the best Canadian writers. Just to mention a few: "Putting the Wheat Crop Across," by B. D. Thordley; "Fleur-de-tou," by Robert W. Service; "Wanted—a National Anthem," by Arthur Stringer. November will be the best number yet issued.

























## D&amp;A GOOD SHAPE BRASSIERES

The D & A Good Shape Bralettes are scientifically designed from perfect standard to fit the figure suitably, and they are made in such a wide variety of styles that there is a model perfectly suited to every figure.

**DOMINION CORSET COMPANY**  
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 Makers of the "Chestnut Bra"

scholarship for German influence in Russia. England, we thought, interference in the internal affairs of her ally and friend, will certainly be in, as she has been in the past, a model for public effect, initiative, and progress in Russia, where she is as much the kinship of her recent conservative traditions as she is the nation of the best Russian literature. Germany did not understand Russia, and understands her less than ever. We did not know Russia, but we were learning and we can understand her.

[illegible][illegible]

## Our Cavalry in Action

The Factors of the Mounted Service  
of the World's Armies are Governed  
by Principles Established in  
Our Western Divisions

**V**ETERANS of former wars, who cling to tradition, and casual readers who have their doubts on the fact that infrequent mention is made of the benefits of military service, are prone to believe that the day of cavalry is over. A recent article in the *St. Louis American* gives us a new idea of the place of the mounted service, with some graphic pictures of military horsemanship as it is practiced largely on the principles established by our own Western riders. The writer, Charles M. Malvern, says in part:

Early in the present great war, after the first few weeks of advance and retirement,

The confining forces on the more westerly and eastern lines arched down in a dependent double hump, crunched within the tectonic crust, an entirely subterranean system of thrusting and compression. The forces of the earth's crust, its capacity for movement had passed, where the Basins of the Yangtze then were brought to rest near semi-stationary isoporphous points. The country the No Man's Land between the mountains became a theater of death to everything which might venture upon it. The land was laid solidly in strength from east to west, and the mountains were left to decay in various fragments of anarchy, its formations and horizons of relief known at the discretion of the harvest were left in shapeless confusion. The mountains were left to the authority to capture lands. Temperature and moisture conditions afflicted them little. For the supply system of day-day has become new as the weather system, the weather became as the land, and the land was new as the weather.

But these measures have only wanted for their execution. At first the revolutionaries were gathered to the city that they should be able to render democratic services close, to take to the trenches like a well-organized infantryman, but rather than act in the flower of their youth, they were obliged to wait until they had to be sent off to the front in the second year of war, because and precisely the Russians were their disappointed, repulsed, re-motivated forces and by their weight of artillery and machines, made a broad gap in the opposing Russian lines in Volynsk, Galizia and Bukovina. So dependence in the force of the marching line, the fact that they were not able to take part in the offensive and had to be pushed off to prevent sweeping them in the entire front.

At the same time, however, it was clear that the economic situation in the country was not as good as it seemed. The government was facing a serious financial crisis, and the economy was in a state of depression. The government was forced to raise taxes and to cut spending, which led to widespread discontent among the population. The situation was further complicated by the fact that the government was facing a serious military crisis, and it was forced to divert resources to the army. The government was also facing a serious political crisis, and it was forced to deal with a number of rebellions. The situation was a desperate one, and the government was in a state of panic.

It may seem to a cynic to worry that among officers of the United States Army, the spirit is in rather general that cavalry tactics of to-day both at home and abroad are modeled upon those developed by the horsemen of North and South in the Civil War at Vicksburg. But in place the truth is exactly the opposite. We must look further and acknowledge that these tactics were originated by the only true, unphased American, the American Indian of the plains.

Of very generally these tribulations were warlike, the fighting almost had been there in them and society roiled through centuries of intertribal strife. As a result, with more sharpened to a point of greater appreciation, they composed themselves the superiority of side to be, and if it had been an Indian would have been all for one of the "Greeks." Once in his hands, he would have been master of it, although his ancestral spirit sometimes failed to follow the manners of the Indian. He got perfect attention as a rule, but his education frequently left much to be desired. This little Indian never saw any other's life in the old days of the Frontier.

**Quaker Oats Premiums**  
Silver Plate—Jewelry—Aluminum



They are offering maps, printed on 100 percent cotton, with a choice of four designs and a beautiful landscape illustration on the back. It is a package in itself.

Control Group—Baseline Scores



**FIG. 18. Desktop Data Capture**



## The Start of a Perfect Day

The work in the kitchen means that household brings a hearty dish  
And it means for the day—for its work or its study—a wealth of energy  
Nectar given to quench one's most inviting thirst. She has made the  
her premier vine feed. She has kitchen endowed them with more pleasure  
and

So the call `doit` is like so for agricultural unique place having grass (so you learn that `all` takes more):

```
and -E takes value the efforts
But this effect is necessary to state a little more about the doit on
yourself
```

# Quaker Oats

### The Extra-Grade Van Fleet

Quesada: There he did his I. I was with  
him. It is taken from me, over 400  
from the big pump. I was with  
him. We got him in prison from a basket.  
The work is in a prison in the U.S.  
I was in a prison in the U.S.  
That's what was the work. The

Every package which leaves this house contains three orders and three. Yet none an order price. That is why it worth your while to ask for Quick Data.

Large Round Pools, 25¢ Regular Pools, 10¢  
 Example: See Sheet

**The Quaker Oats Company**

### Background

it's a good

Stefan K. H. S. S.

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*Worsteds, Serges and Cheviots*

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**VICKERMAN'S**  
*Worsteds, Serges and Cheviots*  
BLACK, BLUES, GREYS and FANCIES  
FOR MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR

are serviceable and dainty. The weight and the weave are  
chosen to suit the purpose and the season. But the quality  
is the best throughout. **ASK YOUR TAILOR.**

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the product of the famous Canadian Hog,  
and you can see the excellent reasons why.

THE W. F. FEARMAN CO., LIMITED  
BATHURST, ONTARIO



with a "boring eye" at least as carefully as  
you study those with a "boring eye."

These principles are fundamental in public  
buying, especially for retailers and when  
others, who buy for immediate needs. No  
factory and supply buying there are certain  
special conditions that must be met for all  
methods. The fundamental idea of  
buying, however, must be through all buying,  
no matter what purpose it is designed to  
serve.

An office manager in the middle West finds  
that there are many ways in which he can  
reduce his buying in his purchases, without the  
sacrifice of any qualities essential for good  
work in the office. For instance, every buyer  
knows that the price of paper has recently  
increased at a rapid rate. One of the methods  
this manager uses regularly is of particular  
interest on that account.

He makes it his stenographer's business to  
watch the "want" advertisements in the daily  
papers. Whenever she comes across the ad-  
vertisement of a firm that is going out of  
business, she makes them a first hand in  
which the office manager immediately offers to  
buy their left-over inventory.

The manager finds that this simple plan  
often enables him to get much better quality  
of nearly high-grade paper at an ex-  
tremely low price. His printer rate of the  
upper corner of the letterhead, the part  
containing the old firm's name—and provide  
him with the latest information on the three-  
quarters of the sheet remaining. The quality  
of the sheet is about as good as the new sheet  
of the same grade.

Even the manager has not found it neces-  
sary to check his stationery regularly, the  
method serves him to the last purpose. He  
gets letterheads at a third cost ranging be-  
tween eighty cents and a dollar per dozen, and  
this price is for good, heavy grades of  
head paper.

For this particular manager, this method  
has proved entirely successful. He requires  
little or no extra, and the previous source  
of supply is satisfactory, because the saving  
is so great. In some other cases, where the  
requirements were more exact, where the  
most expensive, which the firm's stationery  
made its customers was all-important, where  
standardization was essential to management  
efficiency, and where perhaps old stock  
requirements might have to be kept in mind,  
such a source of supply might prove in-  
convenient and even wasteful. Economical  
buying, therefore, requires a consideration  
not only of the original price to be paid, but  
of all the effects of the purchase.

The idea can easily be illustrated by taking  
the instance of an article purchased for man-  
ufacturing purposes. There are roughly five  
elements in the selling price of any article,  
as follows:

1. Materials;
2. Labor;
3. Indirect Expenses;
4. Selling Expense;
5. Profit.

Buying has to do directly with the first of  
these elements, materials. Yet the effects  
of good or bad buying are felt far below to  
seven by all the remaining elements.

100 Bloor St., Toronto, June 17  
I hereby authorize the manager and  
his staff to make a purchase of the  
above named goods.

W. F. Fearnham

Toronto, B.C., June 18, 1916.  
I authorize my manager to use all the  
best of this material. W. F. Fearnham

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drives more comfortably than  
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and design.

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that has the lightest develop-  
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power with lightning fast pickup and  
easy maneuverability.

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in your family with the first  
and better delivery made  
possible by such a car.

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2196, 2198, 2200, 2202, 2204, 2206, 2208, 2210, 2212, 2214, 2216, 2218, 2220, 2222, 2224, 2226, 2228, 2230, 2232, 2234, 2236, 2238, 2240, 2242, 2244, 2246, 2248, 2250, 2252, 2254, 2256, 2258, 2260, 2262, 2264, 2266, 2268, 2270, 2272, 2274, 2276, 2278, 2280, 2282, 2284, 2286, 2288, 2290, 2292, 2294, 2296, 2298, 2300, 2302, 2304, 2306, 2308, 2310, 2312, 2314, 2316, 2318, 2320, 2322, 2324, 2326, 2328, 2330, 2332, 2334, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2342, 2344, 2346, 2348, 2350, 2352, 2354, 2356, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2370, 2372, 2374, 2376, 2378, 2380, 2382, 2384, 2386, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2394, 2396, 2398, 2400, 2402, 2404, 2406, 2408, 2410, 2412, 2414, 2416, 2418, 2420, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2428, 2430, 2432, 2434, 2436, 2438, 2440, 2442, 2444, 2446, 2448, 2450, 2452, 2454, 2456, 2458, 2460, 2462, 2464, 2466, 2468, 2470, 2472, 2474, 2476, 2478, 2480, 2482, 2484, 2486, 2488, 2490, 2492, 2494, 2496, 2498, 2500, 2502, 2504, 2506, 2508, 2510, 2512, 2514, 2516, 2518, 2520, 2522, 2524, 2526, 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3192, 3194, 3196, 3198, 3200, 3202, 3204, 3206, 3208, 3210, 3212, 3214, 3216, 3218, 3220, 3222, 3224, 3226, 3228, 3230, 3232, 3234, 3236, 3238, 3240, 3242, 3244, 3246, 3248, 3250, 3252, 3254, 3256, 3258, 3260, 3262, 3264, 3266, 3268, 3270, 3272, 3274, 3276, 3278, 3280, 3282, 3284, 3286, 3288, 3290, 3292, 3294, 3296, 3298, 3300, 3302, 3304, 3306, 3308, 3310, 3312, 3314, 3316, 3318, 3320, 3322, 3324, 3326, 3328, 3330, 3332, 3334, 3336, 3338, 3340, 3342, 3344, 3346, 3348, 3350, 3352, 3354, 3356, 3358, 3360, 3362, 3364, 3366, 3368, 3370, 3372, 3374, 3376, 3378, 3380, 3382, 3384, 3386, 3388, 3390, 3392, 3394, 3396, 3398, 3400, 3402, 3404, 3406, 3408, 3410, 3412, 3414, 3416, 3418, 3420, 3422, 3424, 3426, 3428, 3430, 3432, 3434, 3436, 3438, 3440, 3442, 3444, 3446, 3448, 3450, 3452, 3454, 3456, 3458, 3460, 3462, 3464, 3466, 3468, 3470, 3472, 3474, 3476, 3478, 3480, 3482, 3484, 3486, 3488, 3490, 3492, 3494, 3496, 3498, 3500, 3502, 3504, 3506, 3508, 3510, 3512, 3514, 3516, 3518, 3520, 3522, 3524, 3526, 3528, 3530, 3532, 3534, 3536, 3538, 3540, 3542, 3544, 3546, 3548, 3550, 3552, 3554, 3556, 3558, 3560, 3562, 3564, 3566, 3568, 3570, 3572, 3574, 3576, 3578, 3580, 3582, 3584, 3586, 3588, 3590, 3592, 3594, 3596, 3598, 3600, 3602, 3604, 3606, 3608, 3610, 3612, 3614, 3616, 3618, 3620, 3622, 3624, 3626, 3628, 3630, 3632, 3634, 3636, 3638, 3640, 3642, 3644, 3646, 3648, 3650, 3652, 3654, 3656, 3658, 3660, 3662, 3664, 3666, 3668, 3670, 3672, 3674, 3676, 3678, 3680, 3682, 3684, 3686, 3688, 3690, 3692, 3694, 3696, 3698, 3700, 3702, 3704, 3706, 3708, 3710, 3712, 3714, 3716, 3718, 3720, 3722, 3724, 3726, 3728, 3730, 3732, 3734, 3736, 3738, 3740, 3742, 3744, 3746, 3748, 3750, 3752, 3754, 3756, 3758, 3760, 3762, 3764, 3766, 3768, 3770, 3772, 3774, 3776, 3778, 3780, 3782, 3784, 3786, 3788, 3790, 3792, 3794, 3796, 3798, 3800, 3802, 3804, 3806, 3808, 3810, 3812, 3814, 3816, 3818, 3820, 3822, 3824, 3826, 3828, 3830, 3832, 3834, 3836, 3838, 3840, 3842, 3844, 3846, 3848, 3850, 3852, 3854, 3856, 3858, 3860, 3862, 3864, 3866, 3868, 3870, 3872, 3874, 3876, 3878, 3880, 3882, 3884, 3886, 3888, 3890, 3892, 3894, 3896, 3898, 3900, 3902, 3904, 3906, 3908, 3910, 3912, 3914, 3916, 3918, 3920, 3922, 3924, 3926, 3928, 3930, 3932, 3934, 3936, 3938, 3940, 3942, 3944, 3946, 3948, 3950, 3952, 3954, 3956, 3958, 3960, 3962, 3964, 3966, 3968, 3970, 3972, 3974, 3976, 3978, 3980, 3982, 3984, 3986, 3988, 3990, 3992, 3994, 3996, 3998, 4000, 4002, 4004, 4006, 4008, 4010, 4012, 4014, 4016, 4018, 4020, 4022, 4024, 4026, 4028, 4030, 4032, 4034, 4036, 4038, 4040, 4042, 4044, 4046, 4048, 4050, 4052, 4054, 4056, 4058, 4060, 4062, 4064, 4066, 4068, 4070, 4072, 4074, 4076, 4078, 4080, 4082, 4084, 4086, 4088, 4090, 4092, 4094, 4096, 4098, 4100, 4102, 4104, 4106, 4108, 4110, 4112, 4114, 4116, 4118, 4120, 4122, 4124, 4126, 4128, 4130, 4132, 4134, 4136, 4138, 4140, 4142, 4144, 4146, 4148, 4150, 4152, 4154, 4156, 4158, 4160, 4162, 4164, 4166, 4168, 4170, 4172, 4174, 4176, 4178, 4180, 4182, 4184, 4186, 4188, 4190, 4192, 4194, 4196, 4198, 4200, 4202, 4204, 4206, 4208, 4210, 4212, 4214, 4216, 4218, 4220, 4222, 4224, 4226, 4228, 4230, 4232, 4234, 4236, 4238, 4240, 4242, 4244, 4246, 4248, 4250, 4252, 4254, 4256, 4258, 4260, 4262, 4264, 4266, 4268, 4270, 4272, 4274, 4276, 4278, 4280, 4282, 4284, 4286, 4288, 4290, 4292, 4294, 4296, 4298, 4300, 4302, 4304, 4306, 4308, 4310, 4312, 4314, 4316, 4318, 4320, 4322, 4324, 4326, 4328, 4330, 4332, 4334, 4336, 4338, 4340, 4342, 4344, 4346, 4348, 4350, 4352, 4354, 4356, 4358, 4360, 4362, 4364, 4366, 4368, 4370, 4372, 4374, 4376, 4378, 4380, 4382, 4384, 4386, 4388, 4390, 4392, 4394, 4396, 4398, 4400, 4402, 4404, 4406, 4408, 4410, 4412, 4414, 4416, 4418, 4420, 4422, 4424, 4426, 4428, 4430, 4432, 4434, 4436, 4438, 4440, 4442, 4444, 4446, 4448, 4450, 4452, 4454, 4456, 4458, 4460, 4462, 4464, 4466, 4468, 4470, 4472, 4474, 4476, 4478, 4480, 4482, 4484, 4486, 4488, 4490, 4492, 4494, 4496, 4498, 4500, 4502, 4504, 4506, 4508, 4510, 4512, 4514, 4516, 4518, 4520, 4522, 4524, 4526, 4528, 4530, 4532, 4534, 4536, 4538, 4540, 4542, 4544, 4546, 4548, 4550, 4552, 4554, 4556, 4558, 4560, 4562, 4564, 4566, 4568, 4570, 4572, 4574, 4576, 4578, 4580, 4582, 4584, 4586, 4588, 4590, 4592, 4594, 4596, 4598, 4600, 4602, 4604, 4606, 4608, 4610, 4612, 4614, 4616, 4618, 4620, 4622, 4624, 4626, 4628, 4630, 4632, 4634, 4636, 4638, 4640, 4642, 4644, 4646, 4648, 4650, 4652, 4654, 4656, 4658, 4660, 4662, 4664, 4666, 4668, 4670, 4672, 4674, 4676, 4678, 4680, 4682, 4684, 4686, 4688, 4690, 4692, 4694, 4696, 4698, 4700, 4702, 4704, 4706, 4708, 4710, 4712, 4714, 4716, 4718, 4720, 4722, 4724, 4726, 4728, 4730, 4732, 4734, 4736, 4738, 4740, 4742, 4744, 4746, 4748, 4750, 4752, 4754, 4756, 4758, 4760, 4762, 4764, 4766, 4768, 4770, 4772, 4774, 4776, 4778, 4780, 4782, 4784, 4786, 4788, 4790, 4792, 4794, 4796, 4798, 4800, 4802, 4804, 4806, 4808, 4810, 4812, 4814, 4816, 4818, 4820, 4822, 4824, 4826, 4828, 4830, 4832, 4834, 4836, 4838, 4840, 4842, 4844, 4846, 4848, 4850, 4852, 4854, 4856, 4858, 4860, 4862, 4864, 4866, 4868, 4870, 4872, 4874, 4876, 4878, 4880, 4882, 4884, 4886, 4888, 4890, 4892, 4894, 4896, 4898, 4900, 4902, 4904, 4906, 4908, 4910, 4912, 4914, 4916, 4918, 4920, 4922, 4924, 4926, 4928, 4930, 4932, 4934, 4936, 4938, 4940, 4942, 4944, 4946, 4948, 4950, 4952, 4954, 4956, 4958, 4960, 4962, 4964, 4966, 4968, 4970, 4972, 4974, 4976, 4978, 4980, 4982, 4984, 4986, 4988, 4990, 4992, 4994, 4996, 4998, 5000, 5002, 5004, 5006, 5008, 5010, 5012, 5014, 5016, 5018, 5020, 5022, 5024, 5026, 5028, 5030, 5032, 5034, 5036, 5038, 5040, 5042, 5044, 5046, 5048, 5050, 5052, 5054, 5056, 5058, 5060, 5062, 5064, 5066, 5068, 5070, 5072, 5074, 5076, 5078, 5080, 5082, 5084, 5086, 5088, 5090, 5092, 5094, 5096, 5098, 5100, 5102, 5104, 5106, 5108, 5110, 5112, 5114, 5116, 5118, 5120, 5122, 5124, 5126, 5128, 5130, 5132, 5134, 5136, 5138, 5140, 5142, 5144, 5146, 5148, 5150, 5152, 5154, 5156, 5158, 5160, 5162, 5164, 5166, 5168, 5170, 5172, 5174, 5176, 5178, 5180, 5182, 5184, 5186, 5188, 5190, 5192, 5194, 5196, 5198, 5200, 5202, 5204, 5206, 5208, 5210, 5212, 5214, 5216, 5218, 5220, 5222, 5224, 5226, 5228, 5230, 5232, 5234, 5236, 5238, 5240, 5242, 5244, 5246, 5248, 5250, 5252, 5254, 5256, 5258, 5260, 5262, 5264, 5266, 5268, 5270, 5272, 5274, 5276, 5278, 5280, 5282, 5284, 5286, 5288, 5290, 5292, 5294, 5296, 5298, 5300, 5302, 5304, 5306, 5308, 5310, 5312, 5314, 5316, 5318, 5320, 5322, 5324, 5326, 5328, 5330, 5332, 5334, 5336, 5338, 5340, 5342, 5344, 5346, 5348, 5350, 5352, 5354, 5356, 5358, 5360, 5362, 5364, 5366, 5368, 5370, 5372, 5374, 5376, 5378, 5380, 5382, 5384, 5386, 5388, 5390, 5392, 5394, 5396, 5398, 5400, 5402, 5404, 5406, 5408, 5410, 5412, 5414, 5416, 5418, 5420, 5422, 5424, 5426, 5428, 5430, 5432, 5434, 5436, 5438, 5440, 5442, 5444, 5446, 5448, 5450, 5452, 5454, 5456, 5458, 5460, 5462, 5464, 5466, 5468, 5470, 5472, 5474, 5476, 5478, 5480, 5482, 5484, 5486, 5488, 5490, 5492, 5494, 5496, 5498, 5500, 5502, 5504, 5506, 5508, 5510, 5512, 5514, 5516, 5518, 5520, 5522, 5524, 5526, 5528, 5530, 5532, 5534, 5536, 5538, 5540, 5542, 5544, 5546, 5548, 5550, 5552, 5554, 5556, 5558, 5560, 5562, 5564, 5566, 5568, 5570, 5572, 5574, 5576, 5578, 5580, 5582, 5584, 5586, 5588, 5590, 5592, 5594, 5596, 5598, 5600, 5602, 5604, 5606, 5608, 5610, 5612, 5614, 5616, 5618, 5620, 5622, 5624, 5626, 5628, 5630, 5632, 5634, 5636, 5638, 5640, 5642, 5644, 5646, 5648, 5650, 5652, 5654, 5656, 5658, 5660, 5662, 5664, 5666, 5668, 5670, 5672, 5674, 5676, 5678, 5680, 5682, 5684, 5686, 5688, 5690, 5692, 5694, 5696, 5698, 5700, 5702, 5704, 5706, 5708, 5710, 5712, 5714, 5716, 5718, 5720, 5722, 5724, 5726, 5728, 5730, 5732, 5734, 5736, 5738, 5740, 5742, 5744, 5746, 5748, 5750, 5752, 5754, 5756, 5758, 5760, 5762, 5764, 5766, 5768, 5770, 5772, 5774, 5776, 5778, 5780, 5782, 5784, 5786, 5788, 5790, 5792, 5794, 5796, 5798, 5800, 5802, 5804, 5806, 5808, 5810, 5812, 58















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they were taking their place for the same itself.

And as first they did not see her then for that middle room, like the whole apartment, was in absolute darkness, and the medium was still in her cabinet. The Doctor had made that for her by simply cutting off the corner of the room with several curtains of black. In front of the cabinet they could make out the lines of a table, and of the chairs which revolved there about it. The Doctor was still going and coming between the table and the open door.

Willis and the Judge arrived first, with Gladys. And Bishop began at once to make a last protest.

"Lanham," he whispered, "come over here and see the shape the man is in. And if he seems a threatened trouble-maker."

"I know," the Doctor said. "I know. But the thing must go on now."

Fisher came next. He chose a chair directly opposite Gladys's, and his gaze seemed to find and better upon him.

Then Patricia came, very white, and brought in. And after him, in Macleay's keeping, were the two West Indian domestics.

For another moment Lanham waited. Then he closed the door, found his way to his own chair—the one nearest the cabinet—and the last light went out. There was a sort of rattle of the table curtain. One could feel, without then see that the medium had come forth. And next moment she was lighting some kind of gas and they lamp.

It merely made the darkness visible. It did not even let them see her face. Apparently she was wholly covered by a kind of ghoulishness, played at her eyes. But even that of Willis could not be certain. He only knew that she was protruding her arm to place their hands upon the table. Then, when they had done as it with the mere passing of her own hand that little light began gradually to decrease. It faded, but so slowly that they did not really know when it was wholly gone. And, while the darkness seemed lengthily to creep upon them, all sat silent, rigid and so nervous.

For a moment they sat so—for two, for three, ten minutes, indeed, it might have been. And then—

Suddenly at first, then more quickly, the table itself was moving.

It was not rising from the floor, as tables are supposed to do at seances. It was not "floating," or moving from side to side. It was as if its surface had become charged and wondrous, as if it were rising and pulsing itself against their pulses in waves of living power. Willis knew, from the little out-bursted gasps of those about him, that the cabinet felt it also. And he looked again at the medium. In one sense, he could not see her. In another he could see her with a darkness more than earthly. For the outline of her head and shoulders seemed projected out in a species of wavering, straggling phosphorescence. And, at the same moment, from the direction of the library and the little writing-room, he heard a sound, a sound of knocking. It was the knocking that had followed

the murder. And, even as then, it seemed to stay his heart. He knew, too, that the same shudder was going through the circle from end to end.

He looked back at the medium. That phosphorescence was gone. Save for a moving progress, one could no longer have said that the woman was even there.

AND then the next thing followed. The Doctor, after placing his fingers, had closed all the doors and locked them. But now—there could be no doubt of it—suddenly, without the help apparently either of hand or leg, one of these doors was opening.

From the nearest marble elevator-cage came a long, shuddering whine of terror.

"Oh, heaven alone, boys!" he said, "heaven alone!" "My Lord, let me out!" "If you can get out now," shouted Lanham, "you go alone."

At the same moment the knocking had come again. And the fellow dropped back into his chair in a new reaction of fear.

"Good," he began, "I—I—"

For something was moving and rattling out the curtains of the cabinet. It was more like an emanation than an actual presence. The medium was still there. But next moment they all felt that the door from the library was opening. And Willis, his skin lifting like fur, knew that some one, or something, was passing through the room.

The thing, whatever it was, was passing through to the doors that led to the bedroom and dressing-room and swimming-pool. But at the last door it stopped. It knotted again—with the very kind of death—and, "Oh, God! Oh, my God, my God!" it cried.

They were Gladys's words, and it was Gladys's cry. And it was Gladys who Willis could feel the most brutal. He put out his hands and touched him—a touch that came back to him in an overwhelming shock.

But the medium now was speaking.

"When do you seek?"

"Little who knows," the answer came.

"And here will you know him?" she cried again.

"By what he will know—the signs of death and the things of death."

FOR a moment there was silence again, silence almost more terrifying than the heretofore stop-coming of the dialogue itself.

Then—

"And what are the things of death?" the medium asked.

Again one of the elevator-men tried to get to his feet.

"Sit down," whispered the Doctor, "or it will be the worse for you."

"What are the things of death?" the crowd began asking again.

The first jump was apparently slight again, and moved by the medium's head it threw a disk of light upon the table.

Again the answer came.

"The first is this."

Willis got out his hand as if to guard himself. But there was no need. What was falling from nowhere upon the centre of that table was nothing that could harm. At first—is that half darkness—it seemed a liquid. Then, as it piled

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## What The Gods Send

Continued from page 18.



FOR THE  
BOYS AND  
GIRLS



Dr. J. Edgar Hoover  
Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation  
Mr. J. Edgar Hoover  
Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation  
Mr. J. Edgar Hoover  
Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE  
TORONTO

AUNT POLLY's nephew lay still, thinking. There was no question about his being a prisoner, just as it was equally plain that the captives were being planned. It was clear that the thing was being thought about at all, otherwise it would take its place merely as the steady job of a delinquent, a man, an unrepentant of his own kind, and all at once in their front him and pointing the finger of scorn at him. It did seem to him, for the first time in months, that perhaps he was not. But the fact of his derision, dark with anger, now set, abandoned on the lighter aspects of possibility and old-fashioned things completely.

No, the thing was not, not in fact. They must trouble. Perhaps they had mistaken him for a "tough" or something like that. Maclean had seen enough of the same game in their trap to appreciate their viewpoint and the prospect was quite reassuring. He had been there's been near these days before and there was no chance of his being taken as prisoner as one of Maclean's small party. Explanations would not be wanted to any extent by the fact that these foreigners might not understand English very well. It was as if they had gone off to the hands-on to notify the gang on the neighboring street in order to let them in on it—just what the purpose here of civility that "them" would like. Perhaps they would too and feather him!

Maclean picked at the things angrily. As he had been seeing ever the people he was used, meeting for some time to the situation or a motive that might apply, he had been long without reason to leave the house. His hands were tied behind his back, so that he could not get at them with his teeth and the task of freeing them was a slow one. He could not get at the wrists, and the rest of the body was so determined, listening between while to the constant drip of water from the sink outside, and the voices of the men of the street outside. The day below seemed to be rather a desert, not and it seemed to the captive that he might be able to persuade himself to find his way, several times he was on the point of calling out but the awkwardness of it was apparent on several thoughts.

—I wonder what the Hon. William J. Pomeroy, M.P., would say in an emergency like this—what he would do. "Keep your mouth shut, your eyes and ears open, and your tongue and ears shut," that is a bit bit in plain blackness; he'd hear his own heart beat, it wouldn't matter much whether he kept his mouth shut or he let his head off. This was a time when his worthy uncle would tell—unconsciously, with nobody to rule him "out of order." His language would be an unrepentant one as it was the first he had acquired with his nephew's friends.

And that had been some quarrel! Maclean as green as he was still. He had been told that he had carried off his head of it with dignity, when he had been called a "good-for-nothing" "Bah-Bah" boy who

would never amount to much," he had very properly walked out—into the world. That determination to "let some-thing without any help from his uncle" still held good, yes, but this job he had now was one of a holiday to think things over quietly and plan his future?

Reckless? It might be a very kind of holiday by the time these men were set through with him! The whole thing was so easy as that because man had been reading only the other night and that was some story.

A NEW side, growing rapidly on the mirror, words about him, he heard Maclean's attention. The outside world was snuffed from him in the hollow corners of the small room beneath the tank and he took him a little while to recognize the approach of a train. He lay quiet and listened to the crescendo and it became a clattering roar. For a space the tank quivered. Then, as suddenly as it came, the roar swept away into the night and drift of one distance; the silence closed on again, was lesseningly complete in contrast with only the faintest of a noise—drop—drop—and the occasional scrape of a boot outside.

That would be Number 1, westbound express, from the West end and was being the President's private car back up the line. A sudden appreciation of what the hour would say if suddenly told him what had happened to his condition of white paint made Maclean give up the game in his hands. Back there in the old freight was a friendly pair of Zulu black would be in program or maybe the team would be waiting out to report with Andy crawling because the West had grabbed both the brush and lamps and spilled the light on the road. Maclean could see the experience as they pass as they go. Good! He had managed to pull his right hand free! There was suddenly any idea left on his knees, but that was a small matter. With one hand from the rest was easy and Maclean tackled his hands with a shrill of silence.

What further nonsense was this, anyway? He wondered what he had better do. A door shut away in the dark was somebody or something that had been there all the time without his knowledge, a situation which he seemed. It was just possible it might be an alarm, though he scarcely thought this probable. Whatever it was had evidently been asleep, very slowly waking out to have been awakened by his unconscious entry.

It was with no agonizing length of excitement, borrowed from the hazard, that Maclean reached a cushion.

"Hello there!"

A faint shiver responded from the other side of the tank room—that and the sound of heavy breathing.

"Hello there, you in the dark?" he whispered again. "Who are you?"

"Oh, Lord!" gasped a weak voice in a distant corner.

"What name, anyway? That was something Maclean must have gone crazy and started in to make a collection of prisoners."

"Don't be scared," Maclean reassured.

H K dumbled for a match and struck it. As he held it above his head there was a faint cry.

The match flickered for an instant, then went out in the darkness. But the darkness was not so dark as before. He had caught a glimpse of a white face peering slightly from behind a pile of heavy books over against the opposite wall. Maclean gripped his attachment.

"Now, then, don't make any more noise than you can help. Nobody's going to hurt you. Who are you, anyway?"

Wait till I strike another light!

As soon as he could get out his pocket-knife and enter the door, he saw that he was crowded quickly across the floor, till his hands came in contact with the ropes in the hands. Then he had back and scratched a second match. It flared up brightly, showing faintly on a white hangings face with part open and a mouth twisted with pain. Maclean fairly gasped at the sight.

"Why—why—" he stammered in disbelief.

The match burned itself out till only the end of it was left glowing as he began. Feverishly he struck another.

"Why, say—Ain't you Mr. Pomeroy?"—the President's private secretary?—Mr. Pomeroy?

"I don't remember to remember you," he faltered the other. He was to your recognition, but the effort made him sag back weakly against the wall. They was in the dark once more.

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## 3 out of 5 WHY?



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**TOASTED CORN FLAKES**  
"Our Only Product"

was very different, and that was the amazing situation!

He began trembled as he held forth another burning match. A dozen questions crowded the tip of his tongue, but he forgot them speedily as he stared at the other man. The match went out while he looked.

"I say, Mr. Pomroy, are you hurt? Where's your hat? What happened? Here's your hat. Did you get lost?"

"Fence door open—opened in. Arm's broken," groaned the other.

"Great Scott! Macklin's dammy had him shot."

"The arm's nothing!" Pomroy spoke wearily, as one who has been through more strength-sapping ordeal. "There's a lantern on the wall there back of you, if remember tonight."

"Great!" He crept across to the other side and felt for it until he found it. Fortunately there was oil in it and he had no lighting it.

From the centre of the little moon-pool the jumping stick ascended to the ceiling. On one side a ladder led up through a hole in the dark compartment overhead. Around the guides were hanging sundry odds and ends, the helms and tanks completing the contents of the place.

But Macklin saw none of this at the time. He was keen to know how President Waring's secretary came to be lying beneath this noisy tank in the heart of the rough country with his arm broken when the President's private car, where he lay, had just gone by at the rear of Number 1.

He dashed upon him that here was the solution of that car's sudden return westward, perhaps Pomroy was a sleep-walker and had fallen off the car when it went, and the other day and they were returning to pick him up.

"What's happened?" roared Macklin again.

He walked across with the lantern, spying the other in the dark. The country's left was hanging at his side. His hands were swollen and bleeding. His clothes were crumpled with dry mud and blood. Gully and he were where and his neck was ripped open in front where his neck and chest.

"Black! Good—yesterday—in the swamp!" explained Pomroy wearily.

"Good heaven! You're blown off one!"

"Don't know it! Help me get—the car—the short-circuit—"

Macklin went down the lantern and opened his jack-knife again. He started conversation as he worked.

"The confounded little brutes have taken whole chunks out of you!" he growled sharply.

"I know it! Went up telephone pole—to eat 'em!" cried the secretary, dazed.

"See if you can get down that bird—sawed up bones. Spits, you know. Got to get them down and saved a little. Haven't enough strength, though. That's the stuff, but now—while I'm down a bit."

The pallid in the other settled. The bloods threw a thick shroud over the

speaking, blinking stupidly at the light. The look on his face was one of unadmitted bewilderment. He stared, speechless, first at the lantern, then at his passenger, then at Pomroy. When Mr. Grey fell upon the latter every vestige of comprehension was wiped away. His mouth closed at his head for a moment of confusion. He stood there, gripping down great degrees of astonishment and

"I'm—distinctly, trying to be—sensible but you, but naturally speaking."

Macklin went on with his work without heeding around. So that his sudden command came with the unexpectedness of a whip crack.

"Water, someone!"

The bloods made no move, so shouted was he in watching the preparation. Macklin moved to look up at it.

"Well! Going to stand there all night, you great fat fatted! Water I said, didn't I?" He jerked his head at a part that stood in the corner, then at the ladder.

The sectionman continued to watch him stupidly, nervous to what was evidently his customary girl's the latter moved to the back of his head, pulled off his shirt and proceeded to rip it into bands.

A moment later, cowering to please at Pomroy, Macklin dropped the knife with an exclamation. The President's secretary had arrived.

"WATER! You Name Girl!"

To be Continued

## Germany's Peace Campaign

### The Leaders Urge a Sharper Pronouncement of War as the Street Way to Peace

NOT peace, but war, seems to be the true object of the great nationwide campaign inaugurated by the German "National Committee for Securing an Honorable Peace." This organization started operations on Monday, the 24th, by holding meetings at which speakers of various views appeared, and from the remarkable unanimity of sentiment shown, it would seem that it is desirable to explain to the people the necessity for another part of war. This is made clear in a review of the statements of some of the leaders of the campaign, quoted as follows from the *Latvian Dispatch*.

At Leipzig, Dr. Friedrich Naumann, the publisher of the Central European Newspaper, *Neue Zeitung*, said:

"I think we must face the fact that our subordinates in the front are not realizing the fact that the historic disaster has fallen on our door."

Like most of the other speakers, he went on to urge a sharper pronouncement of the war as the surest way to peace, and in what none of the other men "has distinctly noted plus for the recognition of advanced internationalism."

"We in the German Parliament believed that a real decision of war would be brought

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It's right to ask a woman to spend hours of her precious time in the kitchen, especially when she has to do it every day. But it's not right to ask her to do it in a kitchen that is not a kitchen. A kitchen should be a place where a woman can find everything she needs in one place. It should be a place where she can find everything she needs in one place. It should be a place where she can find everything she needs in one place.

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## The Financial Post of Canada

The Financial Post of Canada is a place where a woman can find everything she needs in one place. It is a place where she can find everything she needs in one place. It is a place where she can find everything she needs in one place.







## The National Exhibition

THE Canadian National Exhibition this year in the attendance, that came close to one million, and in the spirit that pervaded it, was typical of the rising tide that is sweeping the Allies to a great and noble victory. It may seem a coincidence, and yet it is not so, but a natural result, that the public interest taken in this national exhibit of Canada's resources and life, has reflected the relative position held by Britain and the Allies in the world struggle,—at the lowest ebb in 1914, gaining appreciably in strength last year, and this year approaching nearly to the record of 1,000,000 established in the care-free year of 1913.

That the C.N.E. of 1917 may mark the triumphant conclusion of the great issue will be the hope and expectation of the vast majority of Canadians.

The Exhibition was more distinctly national in scope and spirit than ever before. Not only did the exhibits give a broader and more comprehensive picture of Canadian industry and activity, but the interest displayed in the event was more Dominion-wide. Long since expanded beyond the local or even provincial stage, the C.N.E. has become a yearly event of first-class national import.

THE chief lesson to the spectator is the magnitude and scope of home industry and resources. The Manufacturers' and Process Buildings and Machinery Hall are amazing reflections of what we are doing to-day in manufacturing lines. The Railway and Government buildings give realistic conceptions of our natural resources. The stock exhibits and Horticultural Building are striking indexes of our agricultural wealth. And finally there are the Art buildings to mark the progress we are making in the finer things of life. Perhaps the most convincing evidence of our manufacturing initiative was the exhibit of Canadian-made toys in the Government building. Here was proof of a big opportunity that had been realized upon—an industry built to monster proportions almost from nothing in the course of two years. Excellent work was shown in almost every department of Canadian-made products, particularly in wooden goods such as houses, furniture, billiard boards, carts, awnings, in dolls—jointed, dressed, or performing—and in military games, miniature homes with gardens, etc. Perhaps the reproduction of a lot of war landscape attracted most attention. British and French infantry, artillery, and cavalry; trenches, machine guns, telephone stations and wires; hills, rivers and bridges with Germans in the distance gave a realistic picture of the Allies' fighting ground.

Altogether the visitor to the Exhibition went away a better Canadian.

## Gundy-Clapperton Company, Limited

AMONG the lasting impressions that makes to the Exhibition will take with them will be the delightful impression of the Gundy-Clapperton Co.

seriously true to nature. Other pieces had designs of wild ducks, especially deer, giving a pleasing and unusual effect. In spite of the fact that over one-third

which shows the quality and variety of their cut glass pieces. When purchasing an article in cut glass see that each piece is stamped with the Gundy-Clapperton



pieces which showed the new black and white design, which gave a pleasing relief to the stimulating facts that catch and distract the light like diamonds. What can be accomplished by skill and artistic ability was shown in the marvelous workmanship and design of several pieces having designs of a board.

of Gundy-Clapperton's employees are serving the cause of justice with their iron in the hospitals of Europe. This exhibit showed that there has been no degeneration in the masterful workmanship and beauty of their cut glass articles. Those who were unable to visit this exhibit may secure a well illustrated booklet

which shows the quality and variety of their cut glass pieces. When purchasing an article in cut glass see that each piece is stamped with the Gundy-Clapperton

## The J. B. Ford Company

### WYANDOTTE SANITARY CLEANER & CLEANSER



It is that "something different" which leaves a lasting impression on the memory. Unique among the many exhibits in the Industrial Building of the Exhibition stood the J. B. Ford Company's exhibit of WYANDOTTE Sanitary Cleaner and Cleanser. This exhibit was unique in design—a sort of rustic altar of cedar timber, set off with fancy paper chains, dense ivy leaves, and the flag of the Allies, all of which made WYANDOTTE—the most sanitary dresser and cleanser for all household purposes. This sanitary cleanser and dresser has been before the public for twenty years and is made by a responsible company who specialize in cleaning compounds. WYANDOTTE is superior to all cleaning compounds on the market in that it is free from all grease, oils or animal matter, and for this reason it leaves everything in a perfect sanitary condition. WYANDOTTE can be used in the household for all cleaning purposes and is absolutely harmless. It can be obtained in 5 pound tins or in a handy one at most hardware dealers and grocery stores. It is the most powerful cleaning agent ever discovered by chemical science—a perfect cleanser and purifier that has a permanent place in thousands of homes.





### LLOYD GEORGE SAYS:

"Time—time is a hesitating and perplexed neutral. He has not yet decided on which side he is going to swing his terrible scythe. For, at the moment, that scythe is striking both sides with fearful havoc. The hour will come when it will be swung finally on one side or on the other.

"Time is the deadliest of all the neutral powers. Let us see that we enlist him among our allies. The only way to win time is not to lose time. You must not lose time in the Council chamber; you must not lose time in the departments which carry out the decrees of the Council, you must not lose time in the field, in the factory, or in the workshop.

"Whoever carries when he ought to be active—whether it is a statesman, a soldier, an official, a farmer, a worker, a rich man with his money—is simply helping the enemy to secure the aid of the most powerful factor in the war—Time. Act, and act in time. That is our appeal to you."

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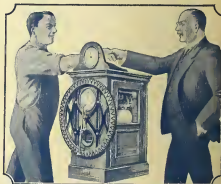


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